

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

G. W. BROWN, Proprietor.
A. H. Wilson, Editor.
SATURDAY, MAY 7 - 1887.
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Interesting Bible Statistics.

The books of the Old Testament, 39.
The books in the New Testament, 27.
The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
The chapters in the New Testament, 260.
Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.
Verses in the New Testament, 7,959.
Words in the Old Testament, 592,439.
Words in the New Testament, 181,258.
Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.
Letters in the New Testament, 888,820.
The word 'Jehovah' occurs 6,895 times.
The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.
The word 'and' occurs in the Old Testament 36,543 times.

Live Above Them.

Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character. These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them; and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true but not dangerous so long as we do stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by our own actions and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

The Way to Succeed.

Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely striking, growing, living in a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to see anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure of the society, the thousand other gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful.

An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail-board in front—which made the old gentleman very irritable.

To prevent blunders, he resolved to distinguish each board by some sign or notice thereon. Accordingly he painted on both boards a large "B," then calling Pat to him and showing him the boards, he said: "Now, you blockhead, you need make no mistake, as they are both marked. This—pointing to one board—"A 'B' for before; and this—"A 'B' for behind." Whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

A Court of Last Resort.

Rollo looked up from his paper: "I see," he remarked, "that a murderer in New Jersey has appealed to the Court of Errors. What Court is that?" "Oh, any Justice of the Peace," said Rollo's father. "Any Justice's Court is a Court of Errors; that's where they make 'em."

How the Dear Creatures Enjoy Sunday Service.

Two neatly dressed ladies sat in a West Seventh-street car the day after Easter on their way home from a down-town shopping excursion, and this is the conversation they indulged in between St. Peter and Washington streets: "I saw you at church yesterday, Mrs. Smith." "O, yes; I never miss Easter services, you know." "Wasn't it lovely?" "Be-u-tiful! I never saw such lovely flowers in my life. Did you notice that double fuschia?" "Yes; and I just couldn't keep my eyes off it. Whose was it, do you know?" "Mrs. Brown's. She raised it from a slip she got in California two years ago. That calla lily on the right of the pulpit was a pretty thing." "Wasn't it sweet! So fragrant, too. That was the largest cleander I ever saw. Did you notice it?" "Yes; that's mine." "Why, Mrs. Smith, you don't say that lovely cleander that stood near the chancel-rail was yours?" "Yes; I raised that from a small twig." "Well, I never." "Didn't those hyacinths smell too sweet for any thing?" "Just ravishing, and those lilies of the valley, too?" "Yes."

"Hem." "Humph." "Did you notice Mrs. Tripp's new bonnet?" "Well, I should think I did. Wasn't it just too perfectly awful for any thing? Didn't look a bit like an Easter bonnet to me?" "Nor me either. Too much ribbon in front, I thought, though they're trimming their bonnets high this season." "I know, but I don't like it a bit; now Mrs. Lagg's bonnet was just too cute for any thing, I thought. That pink ribbon just set her complexion off beautifully." "Yes, I noticed that." "Well, I thought I wouldn't get a new bonnet this spring. I had rather wait till next fall." "So had I." "How'd you like the sermon?" "What?" "How'd you like the sermon?" "O, yes, the sermon. O, 'twas pretty good, I guess. My husband said 'twas. Do you remember the subject?" "Why, yes. 'Twat about Solomon's wives." "O, yes, I'd most forgot." "I get off here, good-by. Come in and see me." "Yes, you come down and see me." "Yes, good-by." "Good-by."

Documentary Evidence.

From a Chinese paper we see that among other things: "Na-si thou-ni hu-tang chie-Tsu meng-leng, si lip-u-chieh-khla-to-ko." We always said we believed that these almond-eyed heathen wrote the words for all our Easter hymns, and now we know it. We heard that very hymn sung in the fashionable church in this town the very last Easter as ever was.

Correct! Ads. Never Lie!

"Now, Job," said Mrs. Shuttle "those trousers are altogether too big for the boy. They'll have to be changed." "No, they won't. They're all right. I bought 'em where they advertise 'Boys' clothing to play in.' They are just big enough for him to play in without going out of doors."

Sharp Tricks of London Thieves.

London thieves, says the *Youths' Companion*, have the reputation of being very clever in their profession. Their coolness while engaged in stealing and the tact with which they get out of a surprise are illustrated by many anecdotes. The landlord of a hotel in Belgrave square met, as he started to go up his own stairs, a man coming down backward with a feather-bed on his shoulders. "What have you got there, my man?" asked the landlord. "A bed for you, sir," answered the man. "Nonsense! It is not for me. I have not ordered any bed." "No, 22 Belgrave square, sir." "Ah, I thought so. It's next door."

The man turned, and there the bed before the landlord's eyes, who did not discover his loss until too late. A Mr. Wagstaff, who kept the Waterloo hotel, was robbed one day in the most barefaced way. A respectable looking gentleman rang at the front door. The servant opened the door and was addressed as follows: "Mr. Wagstaff has fallen off one of the barges into the river and wants a change of clothes, but don't tell Mrs. Wagstaff, as it may frighten her."

The lady, however, was listening, and coming forward asked the man if he was sure her husband was not hurt.

"Not a bit, ma'am." The story was plausible, for her husband being a coal merchant, had business on the barges. She went up-stairs, brought down dry clothes, and gave them to the man.

"Don't you think ma'am," he said, looking her straight in the face, "they would look better if you tied them up in a silk handkerchief?" She did so, and fetched him a nice one. When her husband came home Mrs. Wagstaff discovered that she had been duped by a smart London thief.

The Lord Mayor, a few years ago was trying a case at the Mansion House. Not satisfied with the testimony of a witness, he cautioned him to be careful saying: "You must be careful in your statements for I could have sworn that when I arose this morning I had put my watch into my pocket, and I had only just missed it, and now recollect that I left it on my dressing table." On his return home the lady mayoress asked what had caused him to send so many messengers in such quick succession for his watch and chain, as but one could take it to him. His lordship then saw his indiscretion. Several professional thieves had started immediately for that watch and the first one had obtained it.

An Illustrator.

In the Arkansas Legislature: Member from Sandstone Knob—Mr. Speaker, I hope, sir, that you will let me have a few minutes' time in which to place myself square with the record. Yesterday evening Mr. Buckley Brown, from Gum Bottom, said that I had accepted the present of a new hat from a railway superintendent, and hinted, in a way inclined to sting a sensitive man, that I had practically sold myself. I should like to know if there is anything in our constitution that prevents a man from accepting presents. I say there is not, and, sir, when our constitution arises and says that I shan't take every thing that is given to me, then will I say 'Mr. Constitution attend to you own affairs.' Mr. Speaker I am a present-taker, and, as an encouragement to those who may contemplate giving me something, let me say that my capacity for taking presents, although well developed, has not been overtaxed. I may also say that the man who won't take a hat, and thereby save the expense of buying one, is composed of a mixture of fool, liar, and thief. I'd be afraid to meet such a man away out to the woods. I would feel sure he would knock me down and rob me. I know of an affair in my county that strongly illustrates the dishonesty of men who are afraid to accept presents.

A red-bearded fellow named Watson went to work for old man Clark, and made himself so useful that Clark, who well knew how to appreciate merit, went to him and said:

"Watson, I never had a man that I think more of than I do you."

"Much obliged to you," replied Watson.

"And I have decided," Clark continued, "to give you my daughter, Lorena."

"Much obliged to you," said Watson, "but I ain't acceptin' any presents."

"Well Mr. Speaker that man was to honest that he would not accept the daughter as a present, but the next day he ran away with Clark's wife. Since then I have been extremely suspicious of men who are too high-toned to accept presents, and to keep other fair-minded men from suspecting me, I have determined to refuse nothing."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

What a Dakota Blizzard Is.

In this article on "The Home of the Blizzard," in the March number of the *Cosmopolitan*, Joel Benton gives a graphic picture of the terrors of a Dakota Blizzard: There is no denying that snow often falls in Dakota in a most exasperating way. The blizzard really does occur. Certain statistics relating to it can be expiated upon so as to send a shiver to your very bones. Newspaper paragraphs appear now and then that put the matter in the worst light. When a blizzard occurs it is, of course, desirable to be near a good harbor, for it fills the air so thickly that you cannot see but a few feet from where you stand. It is convenient then to have a rope if you want to go from the house to the barn. Usually, though, it is imprudence that takes you out on the open prairie during a storm of this sort. In a few instances children on their way home from school, or mail carriers, or country doctors and sometimes headless farmers, have suffered from this storm. Colonel Lounsbury describes in graphic terms in a recent contribution to the *Northwest Magazine*, a

storm that occurred many years ago; but he says that since 1875 he has seen nothing in Northern Dakota "that approached the dignity or possessed the business qualifications of a blizzard. Without snow a blizzard has no capital to work on, and the snows do not accumulate in Northern Dakota until after the blizzard season passes."

He says that when one does occur the weather "turns cold and each separate flake of snow" becomes "a particle of ice," and "each has business at some other point than where it fell. As the wind would lift fine dust and whirl it through the air, so this body of snow" is lifted. To distinguish the form of a human being ten feet away is impossible. A barn even cannot be seen twenty feet in front of one. It is a mad, rushing combination of wind and snow, which neither man nor beast can face.

The snow finds its way through every crack and crevice." Colonel Lounsbury speaks, too, of "many instances where persons have been lost in trying to go from the house to the barn, and of other instances where cords were taken from the beds and fastened to the house, so that if the barn should be missed, by hold on to the bed cord, the house could be found again." But suppose, like Democles, the cord should break.

Ferguson's Boy, Freddie.

I dined with Ferguson the other day. Ferguson has a boy named Freddie. Freddie is a boy about nine years of age, and is considered very bright. He is; he is positively brilliant. But if he were my boy I think I could polish him still more. At all events I should try.

Freddie came into the parlor soon after my arrival, his face shining from a recent vigorous application of soap and water, and his yellow hair plastered down to his head so that every bump was plainly visible.

"You don't remember Mr. Johnson, do you?" said his father, taking the young cub on his knee.

"Yep," was the reply.

"What's that?" said Ferguson, reprovingly.

"Yep," repeated the boy with a surprised look.

"Haven't I told you to always say yes sir?"

"Yes sir."

"That's better. So you remember Mr. Johnson, eh? It's nearly three years since Freddie saw you last, added Ferguson turning to me. It's astonishing what a memory the boy has. What do you remember about Mr. Johnson, Freddie?" he inquired.

"I remember," replied Freddie, innocently, "that his hair was white at the roots and black at the ends, and ma said she guessed he hadn't dyed it this week."

This remark produced a feeling of constraint, so to speak, and Freddie was banished from the parlor. I did not see him again until I went to dinner.

Ferguson asked a blessing. As soon as he had finished Freddie burst out with:

"Par, what's the reason you never do that 'cept when we have company?"

Ferguson made some facetious remark, but I saw a light in his eyes which told me that there was trouble ahead for Freddie, and I rejoiced in secret.

"Mr," said Freddie presently, "don't you wish Aunt Maria was here?"

"Why, Freddie?" said his mother with a fond smile.

"'Cause you said the other day that you wished she and Mr. Johnson would meet, 'cause he'd be such a good catch for her, an' it was about her last chance, an'—"

"Frederick!" shouted Ferguson. "Why, Freddie Ferguson!" exclaimed his mother.

The subject was quickly changed. I felt that it would be wise to send Freddie away from the table, but Ferguson dared Fate, and permitted him to remain.

"Gimme another piece of cake!" said Freddie, presently.

"You have had three already," said his mother, gently.

"I know I have, an' I want another."

"But—"

"I want another piece of cake!"

"What can you possibly want of more cake?"

"Wanter eat it, of course. What'd yer s'pose I want ter do with it—put wheels on it an' use it fer a wagon?"

It struck me that this would be a good time to remove Freddie and inflict corporal punishment upon him, but Mrs. Ferguson thought differently. She regarded Freddie's remarks as laughable.

"It is astonishing what a fun of humor that boy has got," she said, as she gave him the biggest piece of cake on the plate. "He's always making quaint remarks like that. Parand I think he'll become a great humorist."

"Mr. Johnson," said Freddie as he rose from the table, "can I feel of your d'mun pin?"

"What a singular request," said Mrs. Ferguson. "But please let him do it if you don't mind, Mr. Johnson. He's got some funny idea in his head and we shall see what it is."

We did. After rubbing the diamond several times with his forefinger (incidentally coloring my immaculate shirt front with currant jelly), he said wonderingly: "Why, it ain't sticky at all."

"No, Freddie, of course not," said Ferguson smilingly.

"Why should it be sticky? Diamonds are not sticky."

"No, I s'pose not," said Freddie, "but I heard ma say that it wasn't a d'mun at all but only paste, an' I knew that paste—"

But at this point Freddie was hustled out of the room by his father and in a few moments my heart was gladdened by the sound of dismal yells in the distance.

I saw no more of Freddie that evening. I do not intend to dine at Ferguson's again at present.—*F. A. Stearns, in Tid-Bits*.

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The Board of School Examiners of Logan Village will hold regular meetings for the examination of applicants for teachers' certificates as follows: viz: ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAYS OF FEBRUARY, APRIL, JUNE, AUGUST, OCTOBER AND DECEMBER at the office of the Superintendent, in the school building of said Village at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day. By order of Examiners.

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Kenton	11 05 8 05 8 05 8 05
Preston	11 45 8 05 8 05 8 05
Spencerville	12 05 8 05 8 05 8 05
Enterprise	12 15 8 05 8 05 8 05
Decatur	12 30 8 05 8 05 8 05
Kingsland	12 45 8 05 8 05 8 05
Huntington Ar.	1 05 8 05 8 05 8 05
Huntington Lv.	2 05 8 05 8 05 8 05
Bolivar	2 15 8 05 8 05 8 05
Rochester	2 30 8 05 8 05 8 05
No. Judson	2 45 8 05 8 05 8 05
Kouts	2 55 8 05 8 05 8 05
Crown Point	3 10 8 05 8 05 8 05
Hammond	3 25 8 05 8 05 8 05
Ellettsburg	3 40 8 05 8 05 8 05
Chicago	4 00 8 05 8 05 8 05

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Stations.	No. 12 No. 8 No. 10 No. 30 No. 32
Chicago	10 15 8 05 8 05 8 05
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Hammond	11 45 8 05 8 05 8 05
Crown Point	12 05 8 05 8 05 8 05
Kouts	12 15 8 05 8 05 8 05
No. Judson	12 30 8 05 8 05 8 05
Rochester	12 45 8 05 8 05 8 05
Bolivar	1 05 8 05 8 05 8 05
Huntington Ar.	1 15 8 05 8 05 8 05
Huntington Lv.	1 30 8 05 8 05 8 05
Kingsland	1 45 8 05 8 05 8 05
Decatur	2 00 8 05 8 05 8 05
Enterprise	2 15 8 05 8 05 8 05
Spencerville	2 30 8 05 8 05 8 05
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